

MCGILL DAILY

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Police on campus again

"Normal policy" says VP

by Mike Prupas and Phyllis Ball

The Montreal Police Riot squad was called onto campus last night for the first time in two years to control a confrontation at a speech given by Professor Barry Commoner, a Nixon expert on pollution.

A number of students denouncing Dr. Commoner as an "agent of Imperialism" disrupted his speech both physically and vocally several times. They were forcibly evicted from the auditorium three times before the speech was successfully concluded. Numerous fist fights erupted both inside and at the entrance to the auditorium. Two students were injured.

Organizers of the J.T. Donald lecture series an chemistry had anticipated a disruption and had stationed "ushers" throughout Leacock 132.

The confrontation began when Professor Commoner was introduced and was about to speak on "Chemistry and the Environmental crisis."

Devinder Garewal, former editor of the Plumbers Pot, and a member of the McGill Student Movement grabbed the microphone and stated "For our friends and our enemies, we are here to talk about imperialism."

As Garewal said this, some members of the McGill Student Movement surrounded the po-

dium and others barred Dr. Commoner from reaching the stage.

As some listeners shouted "Get them out or here" others, including Professor Leo Yaffe, headed towards the stage.

starving."

Two policeman grabbed a disruptor and carried him bodily to the back exit where they rammed his head against the door.

Witnesses report that his head



Daily Photo by Alex Alpern

HE STARTED IT ALL: McGill Student Frontist Devinder Garewal started last night's festivities by seizing the lectern from scheduled speaker Dr. Barry Commoner.

Campus clearing

Violence ends lecture

by Tom Sorell

"We would have done this in any circumstances to protect a person's right to free speech".

This was the explanation made by Vice-principal Administration Robert Shaw after he and the Principal called the police to clear the campus.

The order was given last night to Eugene Traynor who heads security for McGill. Shaw denied the presence of plainclothes police at the Commoner speech. He said that security at McGill generally means "three quarters parking, one quarter security".

Shaw emphasized that there was no move to make arrests and that this was the usual policy of the university.

When asked why the campus was cleared when only the Leacock building was involved, Shaw said that "when you've got violence, you don't know where it is".

He added that "noise is included in violence if it is used for disruption".

"If someone wants to make a speech we'll give him that privilege. If there's violence, we'll stop that. Hell, we did that with

Stanley Gray. He disrupted a Board of Governors meeting".

Shaw was quick to discount the claim that the university had come down especially hard on the Maoists. "We protected a Black Panther last week, didn't we?"

Shaw said that he did not know what Commoner's reaction to the disruption had been. He added, however that "he (Commoner) knows that there are some people in this world with sick brains".

Shaw went on to say that the police have only been called on campus a few times. The last occasion was this summer when "hippies" were thrown off Lower Campus because there was fighting.

Leo Yaffe, chairman of the Chemistry department, and one of the people who inaugurated the Donald Lectures was "hoping that there would be no trouble". Yaffe noted, however, that the disruptions were "obviously organized".

Yaffe became apprehensive about the Commoner speech when the Maoist "Science News" pamphlet was distributed. The pamphlet had denounced Commoner as "a long standing agent of Ame-

rican imperialism". It urged "Down with Barry Commoner! Death to fascist science".

University security officers were alerted soon after the pamphlet had been distributed. Yaffe also asked members of the department to act as "ushers" at the meeting.

'ELDERLY CHEMISTRY PROFESSORS' overpower struggling activist.

In the confusion, stink bombs and tomatoes were thrown about the auditorium. Professor Yaffe was hit squarely on the right shoulder by a rotten tomato, and he shouted, "These are the kind of animals that the University has had to put up with for the past few years."

During the scuffle Garewal and the group around the podium were forcefully ejected from the auditorium through the rear entrance by the plainclothesmen and ushers.

Dr. Commoner began his speech at this point, but after a short while some hecklers began shouting! "This bullshit about pollution is a political mystification. People in Quebec are

was bleeding profusely after the beating. Garewal returned to the auditorium shortly afterword and moved to the stage crying "It's all lies, It's all lies," referring to Commoner's speech.

Principal Bell rushed down to Commoner and asked if he could handle the situation. Dr. Commoner said he could and Bell instructed some plainclothesmen to get rid of Garewal.

Confronted with being ejected or walking out, Garewal elected to walk out peacefully.

The Maoists, by this time joined by student sympathizers, near the main entrance of the auditorium, shouted "Death to U.S. imperialism" and "Lackey, go back (Continued on page 6)



Daily Photo by Alex Alpern



Daily Photo by Bob Karam

"We haven't had a riot in a long time. We're all out of shape," said the officer as he tapped his night stick on the ground.

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions - \$2.00; maximum 20 words. 10¢ per extra word.

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ISLAMICS: Prayers. Union 458. 1:15-1:45 pm.

SECOND HAND BOOK EXCHANGE: Sale. Union B 23-24. 10-4 pm.

FINE ARTS: Interested in sculpting, painting, drawing ceramics or silk screening? Come help organize an exhibition. Union 123-124, 6 pm.

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT: Organizing meeting to look at possibilities for programme plans. 3521 University. Room 1, 1-2 pm.

ARMENIAN STUDENTS' CLUB: First general meeting, all members are invited and new members are welcomed. Union 327, 6-8 pm.

AMATEUR RADIO CLUB: Important meeting, nominations for Vice-President close today. Union 401, 1 pm.

BAHA'I CLUB: Public talk by Mr. E. Olinza on Spiritual Potential of Africa. Windsor Hotel (Prince of Wales room), 8 pm.

MCGILL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: 'Freedom Five' postponed until a future date.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Friday supper-try our international cuisine-cheap. 3484 Peel, 6:15 pm.

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LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY: Very important meeting to elect new executive. Members and all interested welcome. Union 123-124, 4:30-5:30 pm.
SCARLET KEY: Urgent meeting for all members. Union 327. 1 pm.
WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Organizational meeting, all welcome especially staff and faculty. RVC Common Room. 7-9 pm.
CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Soccer practice. All welcome. Bring your own gear. Lower Campus. 4:30 pm.

SATURDAY

ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Vespers in English followed by Mattins in Slavonic.

1175 Champlain, corner of Dorchester, 6:30 pm.
CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Annual picnic and campfire. OKA Park; Que., 1 pm.
NEWMAN CENTRE: La Moutte, St. Benoit. Report at centre. 10:30 am.
MSEA FILM SERIES: Popi with Alan Arkin. Leacock 132. 7 & 9:30 pm.

SUNDAY

ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Vespers in English. St. Peter & Paul Cathedral, 1175 Champlain St., corner of Dorchester, 9 am.
CANTERBURY CLUB: Folk eucharist. Back door, 985 Sherbrooke w., 5 pm.
NEWMAN CENTRE: Mass. 3484 Peel, 10 am. and 8 pm.

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This Friday Streetnoise looks at a genuine Folk Mass - as in modernized religion; starring Jesse Winchester, Bill and Sharon and a multitude of angels. Also featured: FRAP at McGill, Buckminster Fuller, The Community Switchboard, The People Center, The Montreal City Mission and lots and lotsa music. That's Streetnoise, tonight on CFQR FM 92.5 MC, from 12:30 to 6 A.M. Saturday morning. Streetnoise, a production of Radio McGill.

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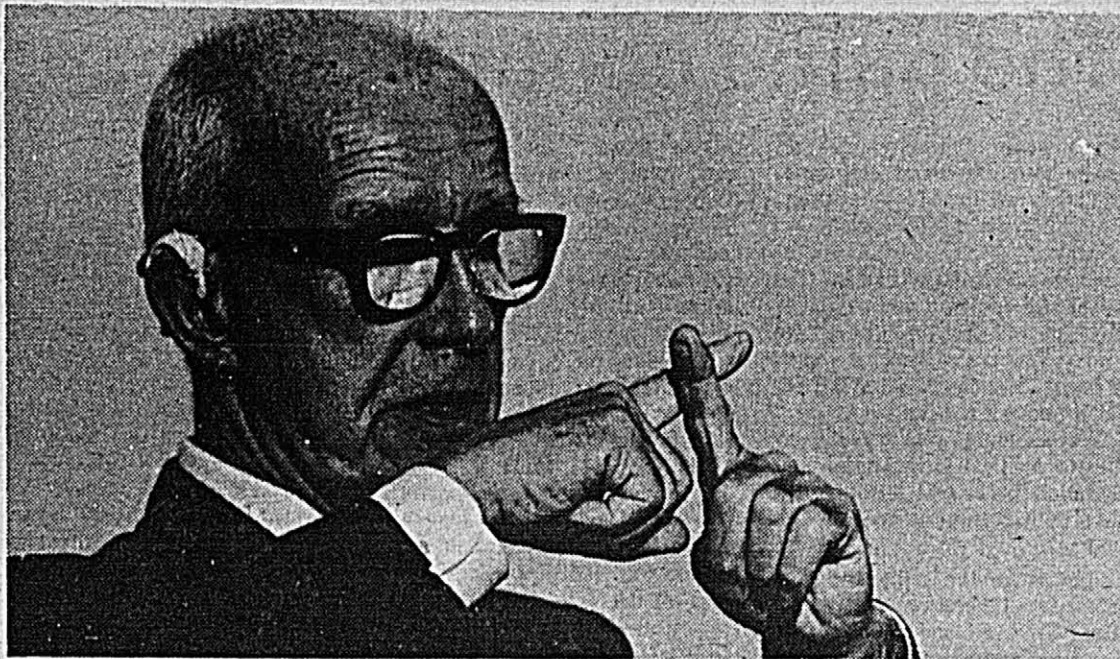
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BUCKMINSTER FULLER: demonstrates pictorial ideation while he discusses his World game concept to a McGill audience Wednesday.

Daily photo by Bob Karam

Buckminster Gamesmanship

Buckminster Fuller, internationally known architect and philosopher, presented his views on his World Game concept to a selected audience of McGill architecture students last Saturday at the University Centre.

According to its originator, the World Game is a "scientific means for employing the world's resources so efficiently as to be able to provide a higher standard of living for all of humanity without any individual profit ing at the expense of another."

In Mr. Fuller's World Game, the earth could be considered a spaceship, with mankind as its crew, in control of its destiny. Natural resources could be studied and used on a global scale, this eliminating surpluses or deficits.

The speaker suggested, for example, that since one half of the world is always in night, electrical

power could be transformed where needed.

The designer of the United States Pavilion of Expo 67 compared his light, economical domed structures with our bulky, concrete buildings that devour our resources.

He also criticized the long delay

in applying technological advances made for war purposes to domestic life.

Buckminster Fuller's appearance at McGill preludes the Architecture Gaming Week, beginning Oct. 26. Students of Architecture will explore "Gaming as a Tool for Architects".

Oliver on CEGEP:

"a minor miracle"

McGill's CEGEP is operating well this year, despite the almost total confusion that still surrounds it. That's the optimistic conclusion of Michael Oliver, Academic Vice-principal of McGill, as he looks at the new program that is re-organizing the entire educational system of Quebec.

Oliver views CEGEP as filling the great need for an organized system of training beyond the secondary level. "It was mainly to consolidate a confused picture of institutions leading nowhere especially in the French domain, that CEGEP was originally intended," he said.

The unfortunate side effect, Oliver feels, is the great overloading of universities such as McGill, but the fact that the new institutions "offer more opportunity to more people" quite makes up for this temporary handicap.

The vice principal added that he was sure that the current overcrowding problem would shortly be rectified as more and more CEGEPs are opened.

When asked why most English students choose McGill over the alternatives of Dawson or Vanier, when the latter are tuition-free

by Philip Grodinsky

and offer a wider assortment of subjects, Oliver offered the proposal that it is McGill's name, tied in with the illusion that students completing the 2 year program at McGill stand a better chance of acceptance by the university for post CEGEP work.

"An illusion it is and will remain, much to the consternation of many students", he said "for

equal consideration will be given to all applications."

While many students entering E-1 this year are puzzled over the apparent narrowness of course range offered them by the university, Oliver explains that this is so due to the temporary nature of McGill CEGEP.

The terms of settlement with the Quebec government require McGill to carry the program for a maximum of four years. Because of this, the administration decided that an all-out effort on a non-permanent set-up would not be a wise thing to do.

Commenting on the possibility that McGill could withdraw from the program sooner than the maximum limit, Oliver explained

(Continued on page 6)

UBC students close Union to Hostellers

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Five thousand University of British Columbia students Tuesday voted overwhelmingly against the idea of using the Student Union Building as a temporary hostel.

The building, under a proposal submitted to the students from the student council, would have allowed 100 transients now staying at the Jericho Hostel to have a place to sleep temporarily. The Hostel is due to be closed by the federal government within the next two weeks.

The special general meeting to deal with the proposal was called after the UBC Student Council reversed a decision to open the SUB to the young transients and to allow the student body to make the final decision.

The meeting had a party atmosphere; laughter often greeting the pleas of people for the use of SUB as a hostel, the UBC student paper reports.

Students arguing against the use of SUB said the building was ill-equipped for such a purpose and that using the building was not a solution, but was only postponing the problem.

However, they did not offer any alternative plans.

Arguing in favor of the pro-

posal to open the building the president of the grad association said:

"This issue gives a chance to say we are different from the people who came before. We can say we believe in human beings."

Occupants defy eviction order

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Residents of the Jericho Hostel, a converted government Army Base, decided Wednesday (Sept. 30) to occupy the building after they were notified to leave by Friday.

The eviction notice came two days early, and the people in the hostel voted unanimously to stay in the building.

The notice from the Federal Secretary of State said: "We are deeply distressed that we have been forced to close this hostel without an alternate program. However to ensure the formulation of future programming we ask the cooperation of those currently benefiting from the facility."

"They just don't want the people to have a chance to organize anything," said hostel staffer Ted Mahood.

Meetings were held Thursday morning (Oct. 1) at UBC to plan support actions for the hostel residents. Two committees were formed at the same time.

One committee will investigate the possibility of hostel residents' being moved to buildings at Vancouver City College, a two-year college that is being moved to a new site. The buildings will be vacant by Oct 17.

Fritz Bower, a member of the Vancouver School Board that operates the college said, "There is a possibility that the School Board trustees could be persuaded to allow the use of the buildings as a hostel provided a responsible group were in charge and that the arrangements would not cost the School Board any money."

The second committee is a mobilization committee to plan action in the event the hostel is closed at the set time.

WOMEN'S LIB

Organizational meeting in RVC Common Room, 7-9 p.m. today. Staff and faculty especially welcome.

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VALID TILL
OCT. 11

MCGILL DAILY

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Give me a tomato and I'll change the world

Last night's disruption by "progressive groups" of biologist Barry Commoner's harmless little lecture on pollution is yet another nail in the coffin of the radical movement. Again we saw witless and irrelevant sloganeering, mindless denunciation, and quick fists bear witness to a representation of the left as a bunch of dogmatic ruffians unwilling to make even an elementary exposition of why they shout what they shout.

So it was "smash the paper tiger" time again. But revolution is so easily made into a silly and irrelevant game when you smash straw men. Once we are out tiger-hunting, why not go for the real ones? The ones that really bite. Why is it that our home-grown "Maoists" systematically attack and threaten those who are most tolerant, those who hold progressive (though not Maoist) views, those who are interested in the improvement of human lives, in change and progress, but don't happen to trot the prescribed "correct line", imported from the People's Republic of China?

It's easiest to attack those who are least likely to use strong-arm tactics to defend themselves because of the tolerant nature of their views; and when strong-arm tactics are used, as at McGill, it's easy to hide behind the liberal bourgeois rights you scorn as repressive. It's a good way of letting off steam, masturbating in public, with minimal risk. What would happen if our revolutionary heroes ever ventured outside the comfortable womb of academia and tried their tactics against the real oppressors of the world?

It is easy when talking about Maoists to fall into two traps. One trap is the notion that these people are basically idealists but that their tactics are no good. The other is the idea that the Internationalists can be discounted with other left-wing groups as being dogmatic.

The Maoist proposition is that you can't question until you understand what Maoism is. But surely nobody is going to understand unless they question the claims made by the Maoists. And no-one is going to listen until these objections are answered. A skeptical approach to the internationalist line is taken to mean pessimism. And pessimism is counter-revolutionary.

But one of the principles that the Maoists say they insist upon is the idea of self-criticism in the movement.

Self-criticism has to entail, at least in small measure, a degree of skepticism or even pessimism. The Maoists have yet to address themselves to this contradiction.

So either you accept the line or you don't. We don't.

Joey Treiger
Tom Sorell

The game continues

It's really difficult to be serious about anything this year. Including writing for the Daily. But the game must continue. So. Right on!

There are only two slogans that I can still say with any degree of sincerity. "Turn on." and "get laid!" The rest... well, it's such a joke. I can laugh at myself for having done it so long.

Why sublimate your sexual energies to political fermentation and agitation instead of letting them take their natural - and blissful - course?

And as for the great goals and slogans: Liberation, Progress, The New Man, and Nirvana, they are here right now. No amount of fighting or "struggle", class or otherwise, is going to bring them any closer. It's just a question of opening your eyes. Or

closing them. Because it's all here, now, if you just take the time out to look.

Not that being a revolutionary isn't a groovy thing. But it's frustrating and you age fast. But far be it from me to attempt to persuade a radical that what he is searching for is here already. It would be an impossible task, anyways.

As I said, being a revolutionary is very commendable - as long as you don't take yourself too seriously. And as long as you know that the revolution isn't forthcoming. It's happening right now, all the time. It can happen to you too, if you let it. But rhetoric and slogans won't bring it about. I realize that this too is rhetoric of a sort. And that's a contradiction that I confess to. For the wise man is he who is

silent. And I am talking.

Change, real, qualitative, radical change can be achieved a lot easier than many of us think. Just let go for a while, beat your ego. You don't even need dope - though at times it helps.

And don't take anything seriously. Starting with this article. By the way, if you are interested, that's the best road to success. You can even realize the American Dream that way, even though it's a sham - as long as you take it as a joke. Whatever your American Dream may be. Success in academia, business, sex, becoming a revolutionary martyr, a champion of the masses. Just keep on laughing at it all, and at yourself, and at me.

Robert Lantos

Letters

Population Implosion

Sir,

An article on air pollution by Ellen Beck asks us to record offenders and report them to city authorities, who couldn't care less.

Well, even if I did, just for kicks, how do you record the licence numbers of half a million cars daily (including the Drapeau-Saulnier limousines)? Now, 1/2 megacar is quite a potent bomb, the equivalent of 75 million horsepower of engine spewing contamination within the city limits at any given time during the day, and much of the night as well (consider Monoxide Canyon, also called the Decarie Expressway, at 11 any night, for example).

A basically neurotic population always on the move from one eatery to the next will not pay heed to entreaties to leave their iron wombs at home voluntarily. They will have to be forced off the streets. Now all you clever activists who haven't grown a pair of walking legs yet should

get busy and start growing them, then you can figure a way to rid the city of superfluous traffic so that we can survive.

Emissions from industrial and domestic chimneys, incinerators and barbecue pits are not a major problem, since the flues are discharged high enough off the ground and become a problem during temperature inversions. But engine exhausts are discharged at ground level and remain there, since there is no end to it.

The effluents are: carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide, oxides of nitrogen, ozone (a highly toxic gas generated by sparkplugs and the photochemical action of sunlight on smog), lead, and chlorinated hydrocarbons, so I'm told.

Sure, you can get a "high" just walking in the downtown area and inhaling all that shit, but within a few years, you'll be a hospital case, and if emphysema and lung cancer won't polish you off, you'll end up a vegetable from brain damage. One of the early symptoms of protracted exposure to engine exhausts is a loss of sexual potency. This should make all the population specialists jump with joy (into bed with her, I suppose).

As for the lamebrained nincompoops who contaminate the already dubious air of subterranean passages in the Metro system with their cigarettes, I'd suggest a muscle squad of young volunteers to show'em the way home. You Mao-Mao's boys are always farting about a social revolution. Well, let's see some real constructive action.

Ernesto Ché Boucher

Will the real Kevin O'Connell please stand up

Sir:

We, the undersigned, staff and students of the Mechanical Engineering Department have known Kevin O'Connell for a number of years. We hereby certify that the person whose photograph appears regularly in the McGill Daily cannot be Kevin O'Connell.

It can be concluded that the actual internal vice-president is an imposter while the real Kevin O'Connell is being held in captivity.

J. M. Forde
and 10 others

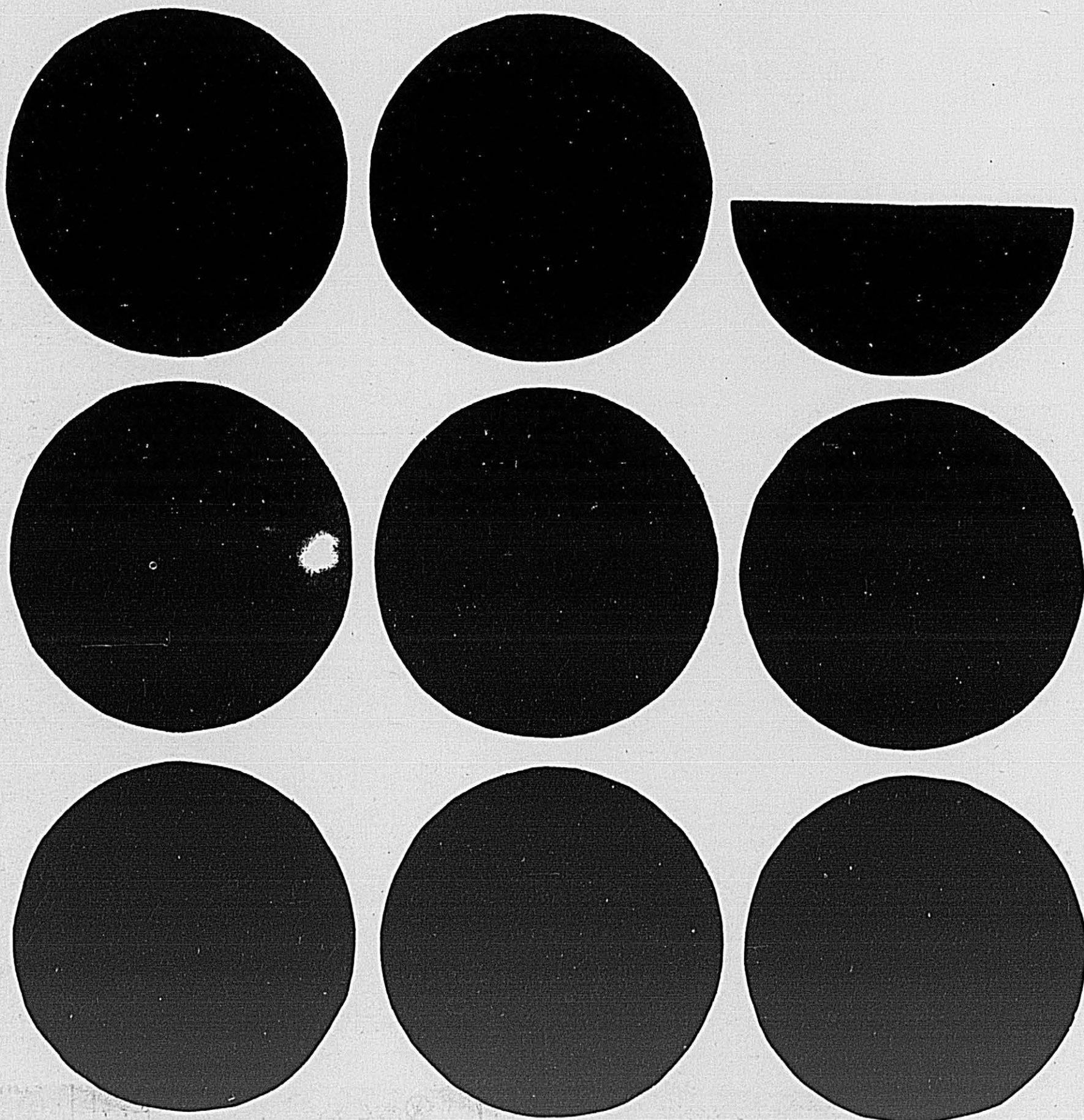
Lean and Hungry

George Kopp



the Supplement

OCTOBER 2, 1970.



BUJOLD AND ALMOND



ACTRESS GENEVIÈVE BUJOLD
AND DIRECTOR PAUL ALMOND

interviewed by ROSEMARY SULLIVAN

photographs by ALEX ALPERN

ALMOND: The search now among a large section of the population seems to be for things that nourish the spiritual life as opposed to things that nourish the external life. You know, the materialistic world doesn't really preoccupy me. Only in the extent that it forces me to look underneath that to find what else there is. And just as Isabelle was a very internal film, a study in fear, so *Act of the Heart* is another kind of a film, a study of love, but not love on the surface. In other words, it isn't acres of flesh, although I'd love to be able to say that; it's dealing with love on a completely different level.

SUPPLEMENT: Why don't you expand on that a little bit? If this in fact is the area where you feel that change is so important.

ALMOND: Well I expanded on that for two years while making *Act of the Heart* so I really don't want to expand on that now.

BUJOLD: Right, except I find that a bit easy for you to say in a way, because you know it's not enough to accomplish one mission. I think that there are many missions you know; it's like you just can't come and make one big act and say 'well that is it', I've done my share, you know... do you understand what I'm trying to say?

ALMOND: Yes, but for myself personally, once I've done a film like *Act of the Heart*, I've dealt

with that problem. I mean, my pet little problem apart from that now is trying to get automobiles banished from Montreal. That's something that occupies me and I'm working with Moshe Safdie on a scheme to kind of rid Montreal of the automobile.

But I mean in terms of talking about love and things like that — I don't function that way. I function by putting them on paper and directing actors and editing a film... but I can't talk about it.

BUJOLD: No, no, no, no, no. It's just that I'm trying myself to find out what is being said — are we talking about... the word love cannot be compressed in one bottle as a film, that's what I'm trying to say.

ALMOND: Of course not.

BUJOLD: Jesus, so we make a film — so what's the big deal, you know. Does it mean that the act of love stops there, or does it concern us afterwards? Your answer somehow angered me because I didn't find it very generous, I'm sorry, but... (pause)

SUPPLEMENT: The experience that is you, that is Paul Almond, is being communicated every moment in every act. In every act, act of the heart, act of the mind, act of the entire being, and this film is two years of gutsy work that has come out of that.

BUJOLD: Well, of course it is.

SUPPLEMENT: ...but it is one thing going for him — it is his ex-

pression just like acting is, I would imagine, one thing for you — one means of expression.

BUJOLD: Yes, a great one too, but maybe also, I just didn't understand what was being said in a sense, because I felt that it was too framed you know. Suddenly...

SUPPLEMENT: Well how about acting for you, do you find that it is in a box alone by itself?

BUJOLD: No, no, the reverse. It does not exist if the other things don't exist. I can't act, just act, it just doesn't work. Certainly I can do it, but... Everything is finally, not the result, the complement of something else and that something else is the complement of something else... everything is holding hands really, or should be. Or that's the way I can be most creative or enjoy it most.

ALMOND: I think Geneviève is saying that when A) I make a film, or she acts in a film, she tries to make the experience of acting approach life as close as possible. And I try to make what happens in front of the camera, as closely as possible approximate our real beliefs about life, in many ways, and so the two fuse in a sense. And when you're actually making a film for ten weeks of shooting, the tounage should be as closely interwoven with life. Just as we're married and work together, the whole thing becomes... I can't say confused, but interwoven and intertwined... and so per acting, what she brings to her acting is, what she does in life and vice-versa and they're both a part of the same thing.

BUJOLD: I mean I just think that life is life, everything else is included in that and it's all a section of it. But all those sections have no frontiere, you know, specific frontiere, it's like a universe instead of being countries.

SUPPLEMENT: Instead of having

polarities — my job over here — my career over here — my family over here — it is a complete whole.

ALMOND AND BUJOLD: Right. Of course.

BUJOLD: Well we try to.

SUPPLEMENT: Is it something you try to allow or is it something you have to allow to happen?

BUJOLD: Well, again it's like everything, you have to make an effort and then you stop making that effort and find that it comes without any effort. And at times you try and at times you find that you don't even have to try. That's what's so great about it, there's no kind of rules or no laws or no anything.

It's there, it comes, it comes back, it goes, it's night, it's day, it's rhythm, it's the sea, it's the wave, it's... what is it?

ALMOND: I think rhythm is very important both in terms of how one lives, and in terms of how you construct your film, or you art, or your life. It is a series of, it is rhythm in a sense. I find now I'm going through a period when I'm writing, and then you go through a period of intense activity when you shoot; and then you go through a period of editing which is another kind of activity; and so over a two year span I go through different phases.

Similarly, I was looking at the film last night with some cuts that had been suggested by the distributor and the rhythm in the film, which there are periods of peace and periods of excitement.

And they felt that the way to have a better film was to cut all the moments of peace so that they'd always have a whole lot of moments of excitement. But, of course, all it does is destroy the film because the moments when one is relaxed, the moments

when one is almost not paying attention to what is on the screen, you allow your mind to wander, the moments when you are not continually focused are crucial for the man in the audience to be able to focus their attention when it is most needed and for the film maker to make his most effect.

BUJOLD: They also can't seem to understand... I mean the distributors, and all people of their kind... that you cannot control rhythm somehow. You can like draw a thing, but when the colours start adding to it you no longer can control it, it does its thing, it happens.

There's no control over rhythm somehow, which is so great, and that's why if we could have control I think we'd all have it. But that's why you know we don't and that's what maybe creation is.

ALMOND: That's what's profoundly exciting in film, the rhythm, or in life, the heart beat and your breathing it has its own, and I mean you can't do anything about it, love-making and everything, the primitive takes over and similarly in a film it takes its own shape and you can't tamper with it. You have to allow the rhythm to show through in your film. And it's true, a true organic rhythm is something that you may have helped into being but you certainly can't control.

BUJOLD: Yah, you prepare, you plow the earth and all that, but then you just have to be ready when it comes, you cannot force it or resist it, that's what's so great. You can't resist it. When it comes it bowls you over, it really does.

SUPPLEMENT: It's in the controlling, in the desire to control, that seems to be so prevalent in the way society is structured, that is inhibiting this natural, basic, total cosmic rhythm of man. The structure of society seems to be spiralling itself right in toward the ground. Because it's doing this, it's trying to control. Here's an example again of an outside force again having an effect on a creation, on something that was coming because of this rhythm. But how do you deal with this outside force of the distributor?

ALMOND: That's just personal. I just say no they can't do it. But it's very often much more complex than that, because if you're in the grip of... if your employer for example wishes to control certain things which you know to be organically correct, it's very difficult. But I think that somehow one of the things in this world is you've got to learn to cope with the world as well. You've got to be clever enough, or strong enough, or adept enough to be able to cope, I can't say get your own way but to get, to lead yourself towards the truth. Or you have to be quick enough. Also, the other thing is to recognize when truth is being challenged, as it were, and not let it be eroded day by day until you find yourself in a position where you can no longer recognize what is right and wrong.

So I think basically everybody starts out with a primitive basic knowledge of... I won't say right and wrong, good and evil... of rhythm and what is good and what is not good, and I think that the process of contemporary life leads one away from these rhythms.

And until one arrives at a certain point where one can recognize them, it requires people such as the modern musician today, who can recognize, and awaken people to certain organic realities of life and try to bring them away from this imposed environment which man has created, and not allow the primitive rhythms and the primitive environment... I say primitive, I mean the innocent...

SUPPLEMENT: Unlearned, unconditioned...

ALMOND: That's it.

SUPPLEMENT: Have you gotten specifically into an organic way of life, at all? Have you found that your habits have changed, have you found that your eating habits have changed?

BUJOLD: That's pleasant to have questions asked like that. I get so fed up with the same questions, sometimes I feel if only somebody could ask me do you eat sweets, or do you like coca cola, it would be so nice to answer that, they would learn so much more...

I think, and I feel that recently,

I can sense and feel an opening somewhere. I'm very aware that these years I'm living, 27, 28, I can be influenced quite easily now, by unimportant things but very important at the same time, that used to block me out. I'm slowly shedding those things, they are kind of falling, and I can almost feel them.

I'm kind of smiling to what comes everyday because it's always, it's a good feeling. I feel I'm on the right track, but I don't know what that track is. Changing, yes, I am. But it's not that I am

INTERVIEW

aware of changing, I am aware that I am aware, in a way, you know. It's just slowly opening, for sure it is, that I know.

ALMOND: I find myself, for the last several months I've had a quiet time, just working in the garden and thinking about my next film. I've been leading a much more rhythmic kind of existence.

But I think we have to be fair, I think while there is also a problem that each rhythm has to suit each kind of activity and I think that if I can take the wildly reactionary establishment line for the moment, for the sake of being screamed down by all your listeners, I think that if you can live in such an organic, rhythmic way that nothing will also get done.

If I'm trying to shoot a film, and I've got half a million dollars and I have to bring it in on budget, when I go out to shoot I don't wait until all the members of the crew feel it's time to shoot: they turn up at nine and boy we shoot and that's it. It's in terms of rhythms. You have to have periods when you live the way you want and other periods when in a sense it does no harm to be conditioned by forces outside yourself to live up to certain standards which are required by society.

Because I think certain people who live all the time, all year round in a state of love and harmony with nature, on the floor and just eating what they can — it's all very well, but basically somehow they would that things don't need to be done. But I personally like to make films and if I'm going to make them, I have to cause things to happen in a regular disciplined way at certain periods and I don't ask that those film makers live in a certain way on the weekends when they're not working and they're not shooting my film. But I do ask them, when I'm shooting, that they be there at that time and then they work very hard until the whistle blows and then they take their lunch pails and go home or whatever.

SUPPLEMENT: You said before that one has to be wise. With awareness one gets this wisdom and knows how to plan so that it can happen without stress, without polarities, without force. It's the wisdom of knowing how to set the situation up so that the flow continues even through deadlines.

ALMOND: Well I must say that I like to think that is so and that is how I would like to try to live also in the sense that I agree with it but I feel that a lot of people would not, or we're just succumbing to a materialistic — we're trying to rationalize materialism, in a sense, by saying it can be both organic and materialistic — which I say you have to be, but I think you're right but you wouldn't find they all agree with you.

SUPPLEMENT: Where do you say you're saying you have to be materialistic?

ALMOND: I'm not saying you have to be materialistic, I'm agreeing with what you said, I'm just saying that some people might not.

SUPPLEMENT: You mean you would say this is a rationalization for a materialistic way of life?

ALMOND: No, it's a rationalization for those people who have to live materialistically then they try to say well then I'm going to make everything work so that I can do it, they'll say.

SUPPLEMENT: Well I wouldn't say that you were living materialistically. I wouldn't say that people who are making films or who are in the dynamic action of their flow are living materialistically. I mean materialistically is something about the ends and what we are talking about is the flow itself.

ALMOND-BUJOLD: That's true, yes.

BUJOLD: It's the process as opposed to the result.

SUPPLEMENT: And this is I think, a misunderstanding that I myself have had. I would constantly set up polarities so that I was being split but something now is happening and I think these things are coming together, and I don't think it's something we can even figure and express in words because experience can never be explained, but I think individuals are finding this out for themselves, they are experiencing it.

What's the relationship between the quiet of gardening and the activity of the world; because there is, they don't oppose each other, there is a relationship. One can go in back of the word to the silence but then one must get out of the silence into action...

ALMOND: Very interesting.

SUPPLEMENT: ...because this is the flow, one does not stay on the mountaintop.

ALMOND: Right, true. One doesn't stay on the mountaintop, the withdrawal into the wilderness, it's Toynbee's theory of withdrawal again and the civilizations which grow, our Lord spent forty days in the wilderness and came out again, and it's this withdrawal and response.

BUJOLD: It's the waves. It's the rhythm again. It's the wave in everything. It builds up, it comes down, it builds up again, it comes down, don't fight it, fly with it, it's all there we just don't look. Life is a train.

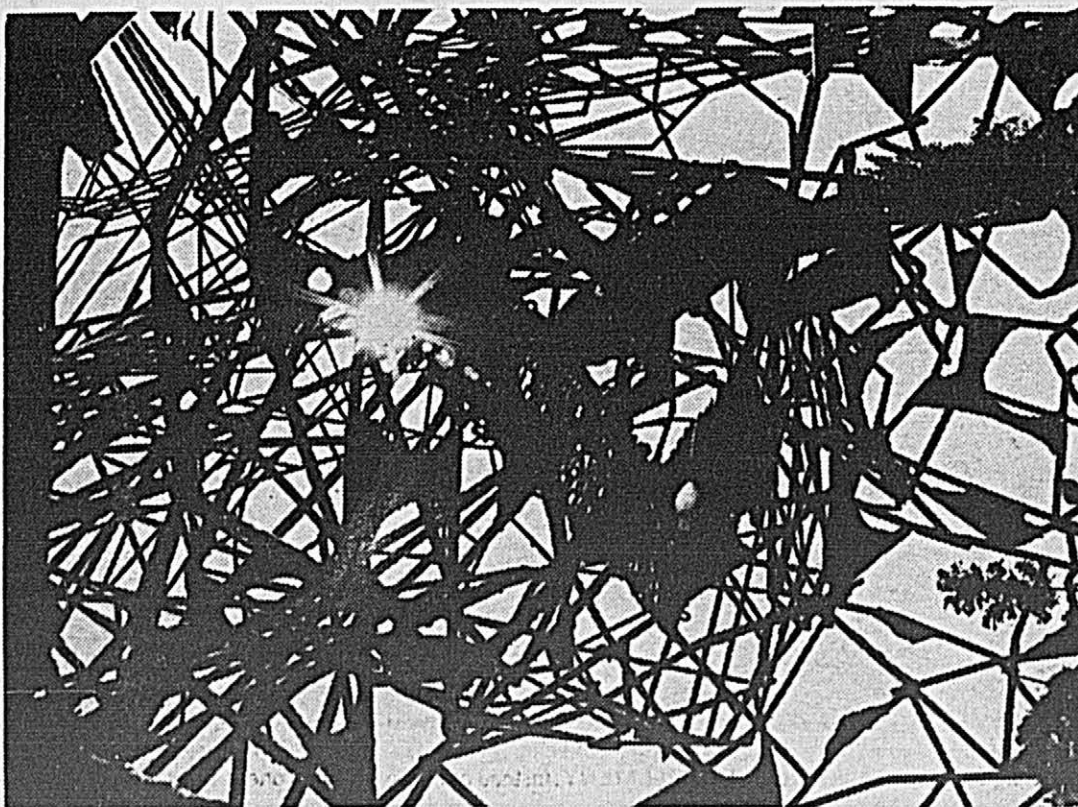
ALMOND: Life is a train? Life is a big wheel I thought, which story did you hear?

BUJOLD: You know when you arrive at a crossing of a train, there used to be, I don't know if there still is, when I was young it used to say stop look and listen. Well, suppose life is a train. Let's hear me, it might not be that foolish, I mean you stop, you look and listen.

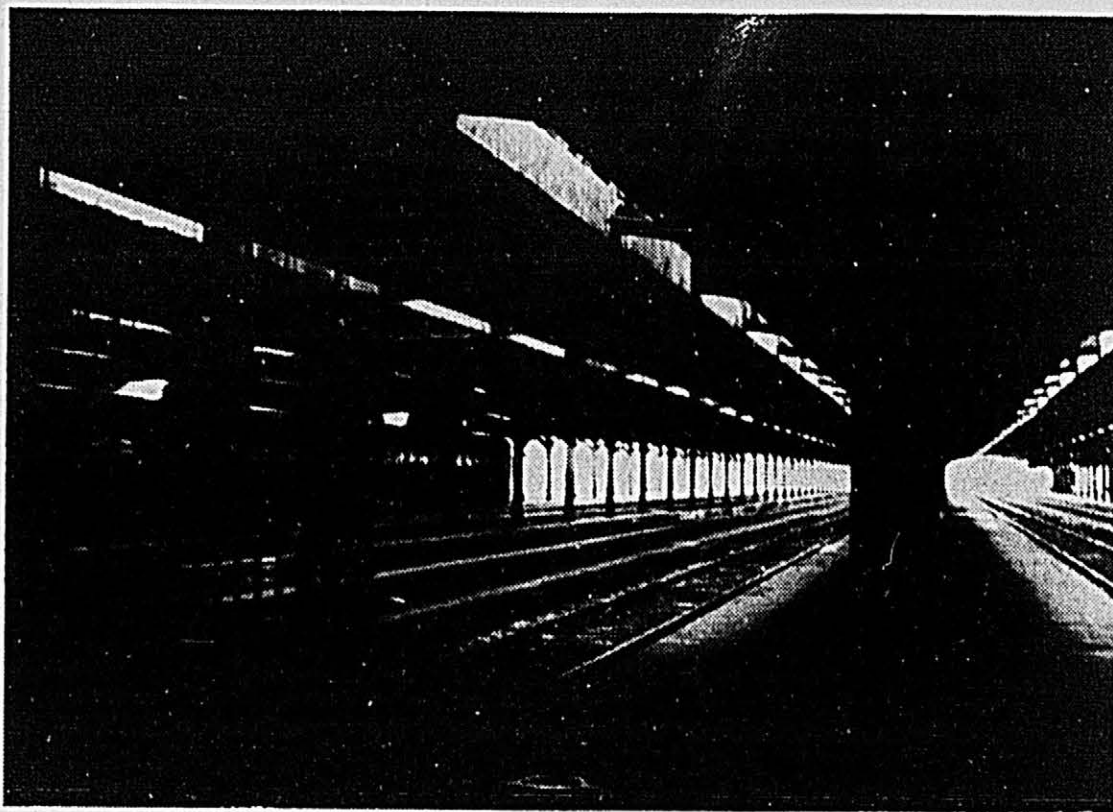
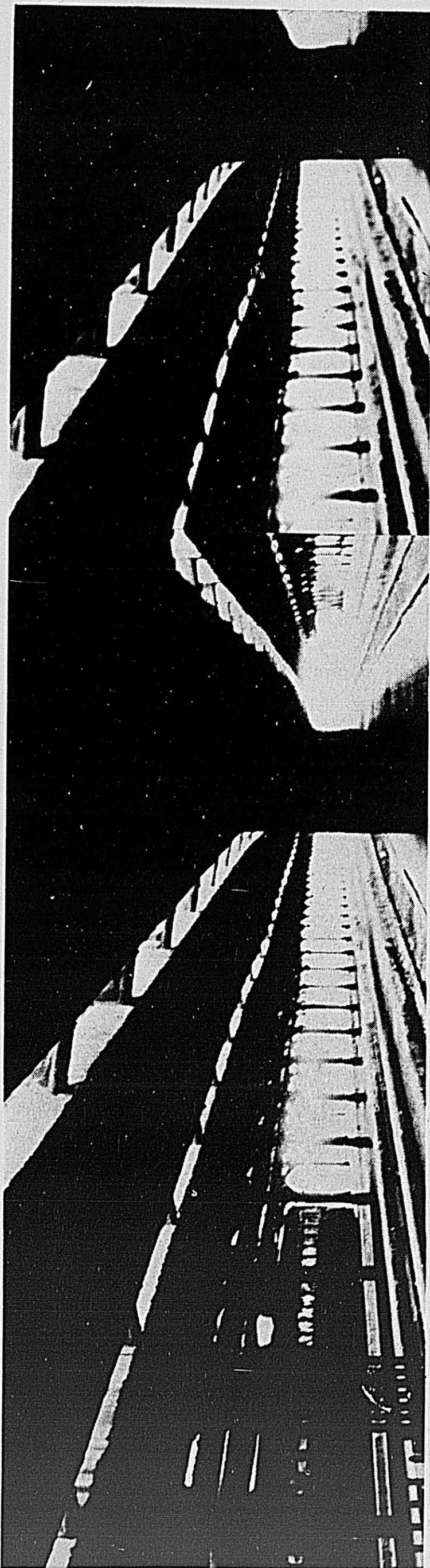
ALMOND: Right. And then the train passes you by. Then you get out and jump on the train and hang on the train for dear life.

SUPPLEMENT: This is the difference between hanging on the train and being the train. Hanging on for dear life, that's what we do, we don't realize we are the train.

ALMOND: That's a very good note to end on.



VANISHING

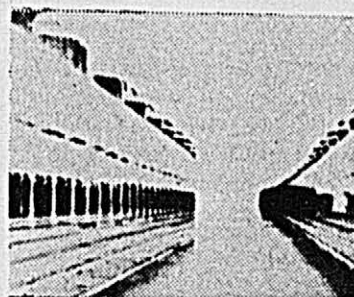


The convergence of lines upon a point is an event which can unlock the door to a million visions.

It required only a momentary alteration of my perceptions to convince me that what I had felt to be the convergence of lines upon a point could in actuality have been an emergence. Quite conceivably the inward definition of space could have been an outward one. Implosion and explosion merged before my eyes such that they both resided along the same temporal plane. It seemed that what might be considered to be opposing phenomena were existing simultaneously and harmoniously within the same event.

Once I had arrived at this elementary postulation it became evident to me that any attempt at quantifying experience was an absurd enterprise. The true worth of perceptions does not lie in the identification and categorization of individual segments of phenomena, but rather with the totality of their effects.

The distinction between emergence and convergence was therefore a needless one. So too, it might be the distinction between reality and abstraction since we only recognize one in terms of the other. Suppose that reality is merely a means of handling abstractions and vice-



versa. The two then exist as opposite phases of the same thing — something greater than both.

The process of handling experience by cutting it up into separate bits to which names can be affixed is one which is learned. The ability to feel things di-

rectly without translation is one which is beaten out of us from the moment when as children we enter an adult world. We are taught to place emphasis on what we are seeing rather than how much we are feeling. We consistently and unconsciously set priorities on our perceptions such that the less useful ones are intuitively disqualified. It is indeed regretful that we insist into fragments of length, breadth and depth when a fourth dimension of possibility transcends them all.

When lines meet it becomes possible to envisage them radiating outwards once again beyond the point at which they seem to come together. The committal to this negative world in which all visions are to be found is easily accomplished. It requires only that one believe in nothing but at the same time leave his soul open to the possibility of everything.



POINTS

by john bandiera



**THE POEMS OF
IAN HUTTON
AND HIS
GOOD FRIEND
RODNEY TWOFLAT**

Now why in Hell
has or did it ever get out
in the first place?
We left the entire building
secured with 2 guards of a spunky sort
the sort of job you know that had to be
done and was and for certainly will
be if we just leave the entire affair
in their hands.

For the Christine in me
white water sea
she laughs at me.

Not to be scoffed, I took my blue
hankerchief, a soft lilacy feeling,
and ran it down my nose and with
that bit of cheer in my pocket I
set off night startling straight once more
and just felt I had seen you all before
and its fun to be together again
isn't it.

How to get to know me better.

lay me on the floor sing sweetly
in my ears bring food and
candies rub me daily and
I'm bound to appear!

that's a cruel way
to say hello
heroine
hanging from
my door
that
way.

I wish you were here
so I could knotch
all my loose times
on your elbow.

a self portrait would include:
arms flailing wildly
hair blowing in the breeze
all the usual signs of a lunatic
enjoying a fringe spin.

well, this looks like the end
doesn't it
and it almost is
cept for the mention of the fact:
if it hadn't been for poor Billyfoot
if it hadn't been for him,
I might not have made it
to where I am. And you
can see where I am -
actually standing here
between the fissils of
the Great Marks - the
remnants of records
to the Everquickening Face.

we that live here
and more fully understand
the inner significance
of Fossil Track Marks (Steds, F.T.M.'s)
are glad that you joined us today
and hope that you are glad
for joining us today
Come back soon
and invite your friends.
Kin Hutton

IAN WILL BE READING HIS POETRY IN THE UNION THEATRE - 3rd FLOOR - MONDAY OCTOBER 5th.

' . . da da
da da da da ..

DISINTERPINTER

by john peters

Follow me, now, fair reader, to a wee house in Earl's Court, London, where Christmas is shaking its dandruff on the dreaming world. In the house, we see wee Harry Pinter creeping excitedly downstairs. What has Santy Clause put in his stocking? Shaking that out, he approaches the mysterious parcels under the tree. What can they be? Five minutes later, surrounded by the crumpled paper, he tearfully opens the fourteenth of his fourteen new dictionaries. Perhaps this occurrence some 30-odd years ago explains the later course of his career; perhaps it also explains the Great Earl's Court Massacre in which thirteen locals of the name Pinter and an unlucky Dachshund had their weight forcibly increased by an average of three pounds, five ounces.

From these obscure beginnings, Pinter marched from triumph to Aston Martin as his work increased in popularity. From Dos-toevski, and Dos Passos, from Kafka down to Joyce, he has taken their mighty syllables to fill his burge'ning voice. Then there's Becket, of whose murder in Canterbury, Pinter was moved to say: "Oh, God". (Or was it the other way round?)

Why is he so successful? I often think he must have a pack of cards, printed with odd characters, events, and words which he shuffles for each new play. He certainly seems to have started an interesting game of 'spot the plot'. Is Teddy really a professor in *The Homecoming* has anything happened in *The Caretaker*, who has Beth been you-know-whatting in *Night*? All questions people have repeatedly set to me in the Atwater

Washeteria. There's a limit to how much of this we, as his audience, can tolerate. How about a partnership between Pinter and Agatha Christie, so that at play's end, when Hall and Sundry are scratching their heads or whatever, Hercule Poirot can be lowered on a thin cable above the audience and succinctly dissect the plot, showing clearly that Davies was a Professor and that he himself has forgotten his drawers.

We can do yet more, what about those awkward pauses while Pinter fights his word-repression complex? Perhaps. The Caretaker could run concurrently with a Bingo game.

"Davies: Nothing but wind then

Pause

(Eyes down for a full house. All the 2's, twenty-two.)

Aston: Yes, when the wind gets up it...

Pause

(Ooh, 1a, 1a, 69, Sunset Strip, 77, Kelly's Eye, Number One.)

Davies: Yes.

Aston: mmnn.

(Four eight, forty eight, and Bingo to the lady with the fur and pearls.)

Davies: Gets very draughty."

You see, a smoother flow, greater concentration by the audience, and greater financial reward.

In fact I was going to use Bingo in the Player's production of

some Pinter sketches starting Tuesday, October 6th in the Sandwich Theatre at 1 o'clock but I couldn't think of an objection to it.



STATIC

Sir,

I found your publication of "The Poems of David Lieber" extremely disappointing. The poems themselves were emotionally negative, while the layout was careless and general presentation pretentious. Being familiar as I am with the poetry Mr. Lieber,

Dear Sir,

The following is a brief annotation to the poetry published in last Friday's Supplement.

Although the human universe may now be visibly depraved, despite the apparent futility of striving with one's insight, yet do I believe there to exist within each of us the embryo of vision. Should we allow this embryo to reveal itself to us, we might begin to embrace the Vision with a living form. I believe also that poetry must continue to function as a work-

I feel you could have produced a more representative sample of what may admittedly be a mediocre poet without resorting to clichéd graphics, pretentious presentation and 'lonesome stranger' images.

Sincerely,

D.L.

ing limb of this Vision: reaching out to share its own sensibility so that perhaps another few souls may begin to move towards redemption. If poetry is to be negative and contracted, if it is to wail a gutless pathos, then it is but succumbing to the very depravity and futility which haunt us from all sides. Can we not now, as poets, transcend this depravity, and emerge from our hollow caves to recreate the Beauty that is each man's Potential?

Deborah Zack

SELF-PORTRAIT DYLAN TWO VIEWS



by ed choueke

ly Morning Rain, reduced to a mere purr.

Quinn The Eskimo sounds like it's been put together at one of those sessions where everyone bangs on pots and pans and sings off-key. Dylan also took a stab at ruining Paul Simon's *The Boxer* and succeeded quite well.

It's hard to write about the new songs on the album because of their most memorable trait — it doesn't really matter whether they're playing or not. It's like living next to a waterfall — pretty soon you don't hear the water anymore even though you know it's sort of there.

However, several of the newly-written songs, like *Alberta #1* are pleasant enough. But, their flat tone is hard to take, especially from someone who once boasted that he always "hit all those notes".

On the plus side, it was really

enjoyable to hear Blue Moon and Let It Be Me again, both of which would be quite hard to wreck.

The beautiful back-up girls Dylan used sound lovely — especially on *Blue Moon*. The girls solo on a soulful song called *All The Tired Horses*, which probably could be a hit if extended. For some strange reason, it only consists of one line repeated in the same tune about 20 times along with a bit of humming.

While it's a good thing that Dylan is experimenting with new music forms, it certainly does not give him a license to pack flat and dull music in an album.

On the third side of the album, Dylan wails, slightly off-key, that he "feels he gotta travel on", and he really hit the nail on the head with that one.



by rick heybroek

The pressure on any public entertainer is fierce, but for a man as consistently creative as Bob Dylan it becomes physically and emotionally exhausting. Without a periodic retreat and retrenchment, the music decays rapidly into sterile formula.

Dylan in *Self-Portrait* is in transition again, a spiritual withdrawal and re-engagement, a process of self-definition in terms of audience, friends, lover(s) and music. Most of it is very casual, like singing with the radio (*Wigwam*) or a 1 am rap with friends. It's not production music by a long shot — no retakes or splicing, no effects engineering for the perfect, public package. Those days, the old 'Days of '49', an adoring (and demanding) public and the climb from the distant coffee-house circuit are over.

"In the days of old
When we dug up the gold,
In the days of '49.
In that hole
He roared out his soul,
In the days of '49.

Some will unquestionably resent the change — it happens every time — but the reasons are obvious enough if you know where to look for them.

"You're trying to reshape me

in a mould,

In the image of someone you used to know...

Take me as I am, or let me go.

The self-portrait itself is probably the most blatant hint of the lot. It isn't perfect, not even particularly good perhaps, in the sense that the picture and the self-conception that underlie it have little enough in common with the typical image... call it the Essential Dylan or the Basic Dylan or Dylan-as-he-is-for-himself — rather than for everyone else and you may be closer to it.

Because it's partially self-definition, there is relatively little of Dylan's own material, new or old, in the portrait. The constituent parts may be traditional, Country and Western (*Take Me As I Am*), contemporary Folk like Albert Beddoe's *Copper Kettle* or, more recently, *Early Morning Rain*; on the occasional reflection on his own past work — *Quinn and She Belongs to Me* — approached from an entirely different perspective. *Mighty Quinn* sounds like the Swiss Hut letting out for the night; not something you do for an audience, but something for friends, with friends, about friends. When Dylan does *She Belongs To Me* with a dubbed audience, a rapturous, public

mob reconciled to the 'Big Beat' Dylan in a way the New port buffs never were, he treats in whimsically — something he did, looks back on, but doesn't really want to get into again. "Just let it down easy, to save his soul."

It's not an unconditional retreat this time, though. There is a progression and symmetry to the portrait that intimates something new 'in the wind'. *Alberta #1* at the outset (*Tired Horses* comes more by way of preface) is done in a subdued, downtempo, almost wasted voice: *Alberta #2* at the end is a happier, faster version of the same song. Again, Dylan does *Sadie* twice, changing only the title. (In *Search of Little Sadie* and *Little Sadie* — found?) In fact, all the songs are on the first disc, paired around a unique pivot point, an old standard; naturally, *Let It Be Me*.

It would be pointless to analyse the way all the other songs in the portrait work: *Belle Isle*, *Woogie Boogie*, the *Boxer* — you have to listen to them before they'll come clear. "Just let it down easy..." and you'll understand how the "Minstrel Boy" has done it again.



MUSIC FACULTY CONCERT SERIES

Although money seems to be getting tighter all the time, the concert programme offered by McGill's Music Faculty continues to grow with the years. The general scope of this year's series will encompass some of the more exotic musical ideas which were previously foreign to the series.

On October 18 the Faculty will host DEBU CHADHURI, a sitar virtuoso who is perhaps unfamiliar to Montreal audiences. The evening is being planned in a total Indian style including seating arrangements which call for a b.y.o.b. (in this case the last B refers to your favorite blanket).

Subsequent concerts include an evening of solo violin with the faculty's Otto Armin; a special lecture by Dr. Wolfgang Laade; guitarist Chris Rawlings in concert with Samuel Taylor Coole-ridge; choral works presented by the Faculty of Music Concert Choir under the direction of Wayne Riddell; and later on in the fall season, the Vaghy Quartet will roll in from Queen's University.

Following the breather at Christmas, the Faculty has plans for a Beethoven exhibit, an MSO concert, and an elaborate Multi-Media concert in co-operation with the University of Quebec.

Look for all announcements concerning Faculty concerts in the Coming Events column of the supplement.

There will be a charge for the first two concerts (Chadhuri and Armin) of \$2 for the general public, \$1 for McGill students, and 50 cents for students enrolled in the Faculty of Music.

Further information can be obtained by consulting with Douglas Leopold at the Music Faculty.



FERGUS

by daniel saykaly

"Existence," wrote Sartre, "preceeds essence." That is, there is no apriori meaning of life and so man is defined solely by his actions. This existential credo runs throughout Brian Moore's novel, FERGUS. But Morre warns, man does not live simply in the present. His roots are in the countless moments and events that have brought him to the present and made him that which he is. Man must indeed define himself by existential choice, but the only valid choice is one made within the context of his past. The man who rejects the past, like the amnesiac, loses both his identity and his direction.

Such a man is Fergus Fadden, and minor novelist who is nearing middle-age. Fadden has rejected his Irish-Catholic past. Having lost faith in the Church's

explanation of existence — the preparation for the hers — after — Fadden has made art his "raison d'être", seeing it as a means of attaining immortality. Yet, ironically it is precisely this narcissistic concern with his won destiny as a writer that has made him oblivious to the great issues of the age, robbing his works of lasting importance. Because he has refused to live "in history", he is "a victim of the dicotomy imposed by intellectual self-exile".

Whatever the value of his art, Fergus Fadden is unquestionably devoted to it.

It is the meaning of his existence and he guards it jealously. But man cannot live by art alone. In need of money to obtain a divorce, Fadden goes to Hollywood to write the film adaptation of his second novel. There, under

pressure from his producer to rewrite the story as a more commercial product, he is forced to choose between the prostitution of his art and the financial loss he will entail if he is fired for breach of contract. In an attempt to reconcile his dilemma, he goes into seclusion taking up residence in an isolate beach-house. Here, in his solitude, Fadden confronts his past in a series of increasingly intense hallucinations. As these overshadow and finally crowd out his present existence, Fadden becomes increasingly aware of the fact that he is inextricably a part of all he has done and experienced. And through this recapitulation of his past, he comes at last to self-knowledge.



BACK DOOR, 985 Sherbrooke St. Tonight & tomorrow: Tammy Ballis.

FILM SOCIETY, Leacock 132. Tonight at 6:30 & 9:30 — **ORPHANS OF THE STORM** (U.S.A. 1920). Directed by D. W. Griffith. With Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Joseph Schildkraut. An historical spectacle played against the backdrop of the French Revolution. The storming of the Bastille must be counted with Griffith's best work and the suspense created throughout the film gets the spectator soon caught up in the orphans' incredible misfortune.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, 1379 Sherbrooke St. Until Oct. 31: **GROUP OF SEVEN FILMS** — English: Tues. & Thurs. at 12:30.

COMING EVENTS

Sun. at 2:30.
VARLEY, LISMER, PAINTING A PROVINCE, WEST WIND
French: Wed. & Fri. at 12:30.
Sat. at 12:30 & 2:30.

VARLEY, LISMER, PEINTURES DE NOUVEAU BRUNSWICK.

REVUE THEATRE, 1858 Maisonneuve. Until Nov. 7: **THE**

BEARD by Michael McClure. Transfers by Conrad Bromberg & Underground. Adapted from radio by Arleigh Peterson.

SUPPLEMENT POETRY READING, Union Theatre, 3rd floor. Monday at 1 p.m.: Ian Hutton.

YELLOW DOOR, Aylmer St. Tonight & tomorrow: Bill Staines.



EDITOR — charlie gurd

ASSOCIATE EDITOR — brian segal

STAFF — john bandiera, (photos p. 4) paul bochner, dave chenoweth, a. diba, jack kapica, bob karam, (photo p. 5), graham lorimer, carla petapiece, madie ryder, patsy stewart, mel weigel, deborah zack.

THANKS — harpes (banner and logos design), r. sullivan
COVER — print by allan bealy (untitled).

Vacuums are dark. Don't be afraid of the light.

The Supplement wants to create, and to share the creations of students with the community. But if we keep to ourselves, The Supplement will be purposeless — let's come together. The campus isn't as lonely as you think. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every Friday with the McGill Daily by the Students' Society of McGill University.

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THE ARAB STUDENTS SOCIETY

Has received with immense grief the news of the death of the great Arab Leader.

GAMAL ABDEL NASSER

The following arrangements are being prepared:

- 1) A book of condolences will be open to receive signatures, today (Friday) from 3 P.M. till 7:30 P.M. in Union, rm. B-26, B-27.
- 2) An obituary gathering will be held in Leacock 219 at 7:30 P.M. today.
- 3) A silent march is planned for Saturday which will start at McGill's Main Gate at 1 P.M.

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STUDENTS' SOCIETY ELECTION

nominations close today for the following positions:

- * Council Representative from the Faculty of Engineering
- * Council Representative from the Faculty of Music
- * Council Representatives (2) from the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research
- * Student Representatives (7) on Senate.

Nominations must be submitted to Mrs. Hempey, Comptroller of the Students' Society by 4 P.M. this afternoon.

Robert Wheatley
Co-Chief Returning Officer

Students' Society EXECUTIVE APPLICATIONS

are called for the following positions:

- 1) Director-University Affairs
- 2) Producer-Red and White Revue
- 3) Editor-Old McGill

Applications may be picked up at Students' Council Office and must be returned there by 4 P.M., Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1970.

Arlene Zuckernick
Exec. Applic. Director

Oppression in South Africa

by John Shlapobersky
reprinted from the *Observer of London*

ON the morning of Friday 13 June last year I was attending a lecture at Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg. An administrative officer called me out of the lecture, claiming that someone was waiting to see me urgently. He knew it was the police, but even after my arrest he told nobody what happened. The police took me to my house, searched it thoroughly, and then took me to Pretoria. They assured me that my family would be notified, but made no attempt to do so. Late that night when my girl friend could not locate me, she contacted my mother, who was on a visit to Johannesburg from Swaziland, where we live. They searched Johannesburg fruitlessly through the night — and even inquired at the mortuary. Only in the early hours of the morning, when the police were sure my disappearance would be publicised, did they concede that I had been arrested under the Terrorist Act. (Many of the Africans similarly arrested just disappeared, and to this day their relatives don't know whether they are in detention or not.)

The arrest

I was taken to the notorious Compol building, headquarters of the security police in Pretoria: I was led through long passages from room to room, each one smaller than the next. As each door closed behind me, my panic grew, I felt that I would never emerge again. My worst fears were confirmed as I walked into a tiny back room, in which Major Swanepoel was waiting.

He is incredibly ugly, a short stocky man with a bull-neck and a bloated, florid face. He has tiny inflamed eyes, and heavy calloused hands that fidget all the time. The detectives who arrested me spoke to him deferentially in Afrikaans. He turned and threw a barrage of questions at me, also in Afrikaans. When I told him I did not understand Afrikaans, he cursed me in English and ushered me into

tests, outspoken in my opposition to apartheid, and tried to maintain relationships with people classified as 'non-white'. I assume that these relationships were the cause of my arrest — though the police never bothered to tell me what I was supposed to have done wrong. Several of the Africans I knew were already in prison, and a number were subsequently detained.

Trying to break me

I understood enough Afrikaans to realise, as Swanepoel discussed me with his partner, that they were trying to break me; and although they did 'break' me, it did not leave a mark on my body. Swanepoel used his temper like a sledgehammer until midnight, but when the next pair came on duty, they talked to me in a relaxed, human manner. I responded to them. They gave me cigarettes; on their later shifts they allowed me to sit down; and on one occasion even took me to have a shower. This 'conspiracy of kindness' was designed to soften me up and make me more vulnerable to Swanepoel's tactics, to win my confidence so that they could assess my personality, plan their next moves on the basis of this, and to make me steadily more dependent on their charity, as Swanepoel became more aggressive.

I became more despondent and anguished through the night. My knees and ankles throbbed painfully, the shape of the bricks was imprinted on the soles of my feet, the yellow glare of the room was unbearable. The two detectives talked constantly, invited my opinion on various matters.

Then, from somewhere, light began to filter into the interrogation chamber. Morning was breaking, I was enthralled that even in the bowels of this appalling building, and at the mercy of men like these, the sun still came up! My spirits rose — I wondered how many other detainees had felt a similar awakening of hope with the dawn and wondered if any of my friends had been interrogated that night and were seeing the light now.

8 am shift

Swanepoel came in for his 8 a.m. shift. But he had softened: he was amenable, he allowed me to sit and he gave me a cigarette. I was sure they had discovered their mistake — I was to be released! I did not know that after the arrest my mother had a woken the British Ambassador at 3 a.m. to notify him. He was very helpful, he phoned the police immediately to warn them that I carried a British passport, had only recently recovered from infectious hepatitis, and was not to be assaulted. I had told the police all this, but they only took it seriously when it came from the Embassy. I was taken to see a district surgeon who gave me an extremely thorough examination, and asked me if I had had any relapse of the jaundice. I said no, but tried to tell him how ill I felt after a night on a brick. He was not interested, told me it was none of his business, and turning to Swanepoel said: 'Daar is niks verkeerd met hom nie — ry hom!' 'There is nothing wrong with him — ride him'.

Psychological manipulation

I spent the rest of Saturday on the brick. Swanepoel resumed his terrorisation, and the bizarre psychological manipulation continued. Late that night, during the shift of a 'soft' pair, I was sitting down smoking a cigarette, which made me dizzy and worsened my confusion. One of them insinuated that I could not trust my girlfriend and that she might be a police spy. When I laughed in his face he hinted that I would do well to think of joining them one day. I became enraged as uncontrollably as I had become amused, and told him I was more likely to become a hangman than a spy. At this he grew sinister, and warned that I might have to do this to keep my girlfriend or parents out of prison. I replied in abusive language, so he put me back on the brick and refused to allow me to visit the toilet for the rest of his shift.

Not yet broken

When the next pair came on at 4 a.m. we talked quietly about unrelated topics, but I kept dozing off on the chair. They jostled me or shouted whenever this happened. Swanepoel returned at 8 a.m. and put me on my feet (though not on the brick) and when he left at noon a young detective sat quietly in front of me throughout the afternoon to see that I remained standing. I can recall very little of what took place until the Monday evening, except a few isolated incidents. During Swanepoel's evening shift on Sunday, he remarked to his partner: 'Hy is nog nie gebreek nie — more oggend of miskien more aand sal ons heeltemaal uitvind.' ('He is not yet broken — tomorrow morning or perhaps tomorrow evening we will find out everything.')

"Whole set of facts"

During the course of that night I was given to understand that the interrogation would end on Monday morning,

and I would be taken to prison. I could not remain awake for more than a few minutes at a time, and even when shouted at I would start, jump up and then doze off again. When Swanepoel came in on Monday morning he was more enraged than ever. He claimed he had discovered a whole new set of facts which proved that I had been involved in illegal activities, working himself up into an unbelievable rage as I stood mutely in front of him. Unless, by that evening, I had 'talked', my girl friend would be arrested. They hammered this point home throughout the day — but I could not take in what they were saying. I dozed off on my feet and walked straight into the wall, waking up when my face banged against it. There were roars of laughter from somewhere, but I could not quite focus my eyes to see who was laughing. It happened again and again; when I did realise what was happening, I saw that a whole mob of police had crowded into the room to watch me walk into walls. I smiled meekly, so pleased that they were happy and not angry. And then I was somewhere else and grotesque images unfolded in front of me — I was in the science laboratory back at high school, the bell was ringing — It was time to go home. 'It's enough now', I said, 'I'm going home' — roars of laughter from somewhere. 'The experiment's gone for enough, I'm going home'.

Monday evening

By Monday evening my orientation in time and place was completely destroyed. I did not know which stage of my life I was living — or where I was. It was then that the 'soft-liners', whose 'charity' put me in a state of complete psychological dependence on them, suddenly withdrew their concessions and ended their 'conspiracy of kindness'. They became abusive and threatening; this confused me, so that by the time Swanepoel returned at 8 p.m. with his normal torrent of abuse, I could only mutter nonsense in a high-pitched voice. I was what he called 'broken'. He switched roles with the 'soft-liners', assumed a paternal and sympathetic manner, made a joke of my swollen hands and feet, which were unrecognisable and looked as if they had each had several bee stings. He gave me some yellow tablets which he said would reduce the swelling and allowed me to have a shower and put on clean clothes which my family had sent.

I was then allowed to sleep for six hours. As I got into the camp bed I felt uneasy — Swanepoel was easier to cope with when he was brutal, for one knew where one stood with him. I felt a little guilty too, as I wondered whether Africans were allowed to shower and sleep under interrogation. I was awoken after six hours, more disorientated than I had ever been, my own identity so destroyed that I was completely vulnerable. Swanepoel exploited this: in a quiet voice he made false allegations about my relationships with various people, and mutely I agreed to them. I remembered vaguely the thoughts I had had before falling asleep. I began to realise that he was fabricating evidence and getting me to corroborate it, simply to justify my detention. For they had realised my arrest was mistaken, that I knew nothing about the illegal activities they claimed to be looking for. I pulled myself together and refused to go along with it. They spent another one and a half days trying to extort false evidence — though I was allowed to sit, they kept me awake.

Then I was placed in solitary confinement in Pretoria Local Prison, where I fell asleep immediately and woke up 20 hours later. I spent days pacing the length of my cell in agonies of remorse over the fact that I had divulged any information at all, and wondering how many years I would be sentenced to. I was so brainwashed that I was convinced that the books on political philosophy, and especially Marxism, which had been found at my home, and my membership of organisations like the Human Rights Society at the university, would earn me years of imprisonment.

Often my own screams woke me in the night; then I would lie on the floor wrapped in my blankets, listening to someone shovelling coal somewhere in the prison. During the day I felt as if the tension were stretching me across my cell, and like a taut drumskin I would soon split. I became preoccupied, morbid, obsessed with the idea of death. I had a pen which was not taken when I was stripped and searched, and wrote on two squares of lavatory paper each day, as a diary. These are the kind of entries.

'This place is so horrifying that the sensitive parts of one's self close up to shut it out, like certain flowers do at night. If one remained here for long enough, these parts would never be able to open again.'

'The morning is false — the dawn is a false dawn and in the building the hustle of the day's awakening is preparing to prevent another day of life. The purpose of solitary confinement is to curtail the range and extent of one's experience. Its effects are in the disintegration of one's conceptual framework and the inability to think or comprehend.'

Continued on Monday

The first of a two part series

an even smaller room. A crowd of other detectives followed and for about half an hour I stood facing them, with my back to the wall, as they shouted, threatened and taunted me. They made sordid jokes about my personal life and Jewish — nose and frightening threats about how much they would enjoy 'working me over'. Although they manhandled me — pulled my hair, my beard, threw me against the wall — they were trying to intimidate rather than hurt me.

On a brick for two or three hours

One of them produced a brick, held it over my feet, then put it on the ground softly beside me and told me to stand on it. I wanted to laugh, but he was quite serious, so I stood on it. I would remain there until I talked, they said, for the whole weekend if necessary. 'Wild threats', I thought, 'no one can stand continuously through a weekend'. And I was very relieved — standing on a brick did not hurt, if this was all they were going to do to me. Most of the police left, and I remained on that brick for two or three hours in an agony of suspense, for I still did not know why I had been arrested or what I was supposed to 'talk' about.

Systematic interrogation

Swanepoel and another policeman returned about 8 p.m. and then began a systematic interrogation that lasted until the following Monday night. Although I was not kept on the brick constantly, and was even allowed to sit down at times, they would not permit me to sleep. Swanepoel and his partner would question me from 8 p.m. to midnight; another pair would replace them and question me from 12 to 4 a.m., and a third pair from 4 to 8 a.m. Swanepoel and his partner then returned and the whole 12-hour process was repeated. On the Monday night I was given six hours' sleep, then awoken, and the systematic interrogation continued until midday on Wednesday, when I was taken to Pretoria Local Prison and put into solitary confinement.

Rage and abuse

On that first night, confronted with Swanepoel's grotesque, enraged face, I became a little hysterical. My confused and incoherent answers to his questions elicited a paroxysm of rage and abuse — threats against me, my parents, my girl friend. They decided I was being uncooperative and withholding information — whenever I asked what I was supposed to talk about, the reply was: 'You know bloody well, you Communist Jew'. I did not know — and still don't.

Although born in South Africa, I had grown up in Swaziland, a British protectorate. I was active in student pro-

BERTRAND RUSSELL COLLOQUIUM ON EXACT PHILOSOPHY

Oct. 2 at 4:00 pm, Council Room, Leacock Bldg. Professor Gerald J. Whitrow (Imperial College of Science and Technology, London) will lecture on "The nature of time".

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*University
Centre Ballroom*

Commoner on ecology

by Brenda MacDonald

Dr. Barry Commoner, a noted American expert on pollution, struck out at the American ethic of overproduction in a speech given last night in the Leacock auditorium.

But many of his points were drowned out by disruptive groups in the audience.

"I'm here to talk about the environment which affects Peking, Moscow, New York and Montreal", Dr. Commoner continued.

After pointing out that the environment is the source of all social progress, and the necessity of understanding our environment in order to survive, Dr. Commoner said that "the time is long past for horror stories — the time is right for proper action".

Dr. Commoner explained, "pollution is caused by the breaking of natural cycles by man in order to have greater economic gains."

"Some say the cause is over — population and others say it is affluence," Dr. Commoner con-

tinued. However, neither over — population nor affluence is itself a cause of pollution, he went on to demonstrate.

Dr. Commoner explained that along with an increase in population and affluence, there was an increase in scientific knowledge which was converted into technology with a disastrous use of nuclear energy.

With the advance of technology, several changes have occurred in our society", he continued, "such as the use of detergents instead of soap nylon and orlon instead of cotton and wool".

Dr. Commoner explained, "It takes 10 times as much energy to produce synthetics as it takes to produce cottons and wools and this energy comes from power plants that pollute. The fault lies with the producer."

Dr. Commoner continued his argument that modern technology is the cause of pollution, and gave other examples such as the production of aluminum instead of steel and the use of mercury, chlorine, and DDT.

He also added that a major

cause of smog is the use of high compression engines in cars instead of old, low compression engines.

Speaking of public action, Dr. Commoner said, "Picking up beer cans is not going to convince the beer plant to go back to using steel."

a minor:

(Continued from page 3)

that this depends on the timetable for the completion of the permanent CEGEP. "Prospects are high that McGill will go the limit," he added.

A "minor miracle" was Oliver's description of the result of Dawson's frenzied attempt to get the show on the road on time last year. Criticizing the government for allowing the English community so little time to institute the program, he was pleased, however, about the favorable reactions of students now attending that college. "One good sign is the number of high-achievement students who opted for Dawson, when they could easily have been accepted by McGill," he pointed out.

Although many on the McGill teaching staff are dubious as to the merits of the program, the official welcome of CEGEP has been generally favorable. The program allows for a better-paced maturation, as well as better conditions for majoring, yet many professors feel that a Grade 12 program would have been a better idea.

Police...

(Continued from page 1)

to Washington".

Seeking to end the disruptions, students and professors rushed the protestors and pushed them outside the auditorium with chairs. The situation calmed down for a while and the disrupters gradually returned.

Heckling began again and Commoner agreed to make a deal. "You can have equal time when I'm finished" he offered.

The protestors answered, "No deals, no deals."

Dr. Commoner retaliated: "If I have to stand here for four hours, I'll finish this speech."

By this time Principal Bell had called in the Police Riot Squad.

WANTED

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES TO THE FOLLOWING SENATE COMMITTEES AND SUB-COMMITTEES:

COMMITTEES:

1. Committee on Academic Policy
2. University Admissions Committee
3. University Book Store Committee
4. Committee on Collegial Studies
5. Committee on Communication of Information
6. Committee on Development
7. Committee on External University Policies and Relations
8. Honorary Degrees Committee
9. Committee on Instructional Communications
10. University Libraries Committee
11. University Museums Advisory Council
12. University Placement Committee
13. University Scholarships Committee
14. Committee on Sessional Dates
15. Committee on Student Counselling Services
16. Committee on Student Health
17. Women's Athletics Board
18. Committee on Discrimination as to Sex in the University
19. Committee on Rights and Responsibilities
20. Committee to Maintain a Continuing Review of University Government
21. Financial Research Institute Review Committee.

SUB-COMMITTEES:

1. University Libraries Liaison Sub-Committee
2. Sub-Committee on Community Programmes
3. Educational Development Board
4. Gault Estate Management Board
5. Sub-Committee on McGill and l'Université du Québec
6. Sub-Committee on the Use of the French Language
7. Space Allocation.

Application forms are available at the Students' Council Office in the Union. Deadline for applications is Wednesday Oct. 7. Interviews will be held and appointments made immediately thereafter.

No experience necessary - students in all years and faculties are encouraged to apply.

STUDENTS HAVE FOUGHT HARD TO WIN WHAT VOICE WE HAVE IN UNIVERSITY GOVERNMENT

LET'S USE IT!

First game Saturday**Soccer sucks in Rain**

by Stuart Cryer

When I was asked to write about McGill's soccer team I answered the call, replied in the affirmative, not only because I had enjoyed playing the sport a few years ago, but also because the alternative of laying out the Daily's back page didn't quite appeal to me. Then I discovered that although the first game for the team was scheduled for Laval on Saturday at 2 p.m. I had to have a story in by 6 p.m. Thursday.

I phoned the Athletic Department to find out who the coach was and to get any relevant information. Mr. Tom Thompson le grand chef du département, informed me that Harry Noetzel was the "part-time" coach. Tom said Harry only appeared for practices, the next being at 5:15 that day, and he asked if I wanted any pictures. Luckily, he continued to offer suggestions such as, his procuring these pictures and having them sent down to the Daily, my getting a seat on Saturday's Soccer Bus, and maybe cancelling those snapshots for the time being since it was pouring outside. He had been talking about pictures of the practice and not the game!

Now this mysterious, magnificent, mastering-time of soccer abilities took on new proportions in my mind as I trudged up to the gym with my umbrella, wondering all this time if reporters ever showed up at practices with umbrellas. At the gym I was told that Harry hadn't phoned to cancel the practice and I was soon sloshing through the mud near the residences where the soccer team holds court.

I walked to the goal posts where 8 guys were fooling around with the ball, and tried to decide what a writer asks as his first question. I finally decided on "Just fooling around?"

The goaler then got the rest to form a circle and they started to practice passing and trapping the ball, when up walked another guy in a dress-shirt, slacks and

track shoes, commenting on the others' tenacity in practicing in this weather. As another fellow walked up in full regalia and then sauntered back to the sidelines

to stand alone, I commented that if he thought they were crazy, I came up in this weather to write a story. He was surprised. I was surprised.

Rugby Doubleheader**Have ball will travel**

by John Peters

By the time you read this article, the McGill Rugby team will be well on its way to Central Station en route for an entertaining weekend in Kingston. Here, the happy rovers look forward to meeting a bunch of women, but only after they've played R.M.C. in a two-game Rugbyfest. A game on Saturday, a game on Sunday, a ruggerplayer's lot is not a happy one. Tra la la.

Still, they beat Macdonald (who-pee shit) in a midweek exhibition with a promising display from some newcomers. Elke Sommer springs to mind, but that's my problem. In the 16-5 win, Gillies, Jackson, and Stefcio all

had fine debuts, and Dave Scott kept running in last year's exciting style. You can stop now, Dave. Heavie Gerry Goulet showed power and drive that the team can well use.

The close game against York and the failure to score in the second half of the Mac game, have ensured that there is no false confidence about the weekend trials. If last week's practice has pulled the team more together, there is enough talent to make it a powerful contender. It stands the repetition, Rugby is a team game, and individuals can carry it for only so long before disaster results. A weekend in Kingston? My God, why have you forsaken me?

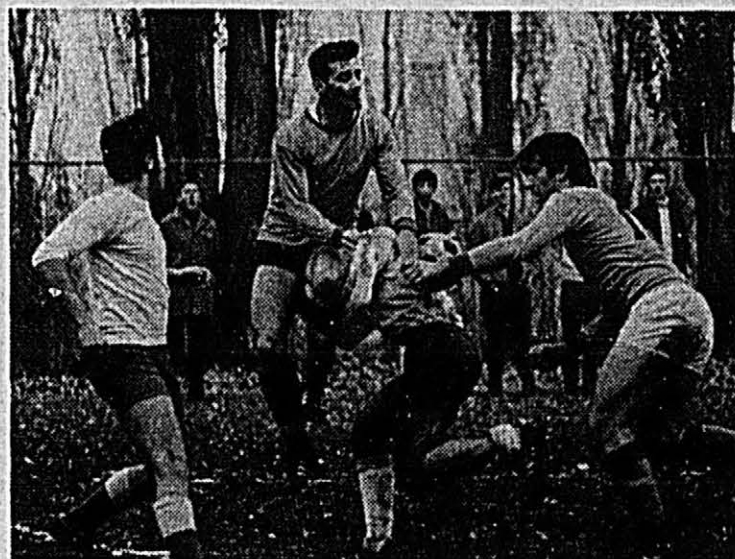


Photo by Tariq

J.V. season starts

With only 8 days of practice behind them, the J.V. football team did not impress anyone in their scrimmage against U. de Q. last week. The passing game was weak, though the quarterback, Mike Munzar, had adequate protection, while the ground plays were of the three yard variety. The defense, on the other hand, contained their opponents' running quite well, but allowed several passes to be completed mainly as a result of their anemic pass rush.

Since last week however, 10 players from last year's squad have rejoined the team and with an extra week of practice under their belts, the boys should be much improved for their opening game against the same U. de Q. squad they faced last week.

Coach Doty feels his offensive line will come off the ball much quicker, making for a more potent running game, with Barry McHenry and Nick Saltiel carrying

the ball. The defensive rush should also be stronger, making the quarterback's job that much more difficult.

So it's off to Jarry park for the first season game. It shapes up as a tough encounter and the contest will be a barometer of the team's chances now that they are in a much improved league.

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WOMEN'S ATHLETICS**INSTRUCTION: WHY NOT JOIN US?**

JUDO - Beginners Welcome. Wednesday, Oct. 7th.
Currie Gym 7:30-9:00 p.m.

MODERN DANCE - Continues Monday, Thursday
6:15-9:00 p.m. R.V.C. Gym

ARCHERY - Monday to Friday - Anytime between 1:00-3:00 p.m.
Monday, Thursday 5:00-6:00 p.m.
Tuesday, Wednesday 6:45 p.m.

FENCING - Continues Tuesday 6:30-8:30 p.m., Currie Gym

INTRAMURALS COMING: HELP OUT YOUR FACULTY OR FRATERNITY!

JOGGING MARATHON - Jog a mile for a point or a lap for 1/4 point
October 5th - 10th - Molson Stadium anytime

CO-EDUCATIONAL TRACK & FIELD - Entries dues Oct. 13th R.V.C.
Athletics Office. Competition Oct. 14
Practice available every evening - Molson Stadium

INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAM TRYOUTS: ALL WELCOME!

BASKETBALL - Wednesday 7:30-9:00, Currie Gym
VOLLEYBALL - Thursday 5:00-6:30 p.m., Currie Gym
AND A RECREATIONAL CLUB!

BOWLING - Wednesday 7:15 p.m. Leader Lanes



**PLEASE
BE GENEROUS**

**SUPPORT
THE CRIPPLED
CHILDREN'S
CAMPAIGN**

Oct. 2 - 3

McGill Objective - \$1500.00

Football



Halfback Smith quits; Redmen host McMaster

When dealing with the rather lofty theorems concerning time and space, there are few more appropriate to our situation than 'Mother Mooney's Pigskin Postulate.' This postulate, roughly articulated, takes as its a priori conditions a football team which has aspirations of a national title. It then introduces as its primary event the occurrence of a 23-23 tie in the team's very first game, that tie coming against the teams' leading rival. Given such data, the postulate postulates that such a team must win the remainder of its scheduled games, or suffer the likelihood of a quick and early burial for both itself and its aspirations.

Applying the postulate to a more specific case (i.e. the present McGill football squad), we find that it serves the purpose remarkably well. The Redmen, having coincidentally tied the Toronto Blues by that very 23-23 score, must (according to the postulate) win their remaining contests if they wish to keep control of the O.Q.A.A. race.

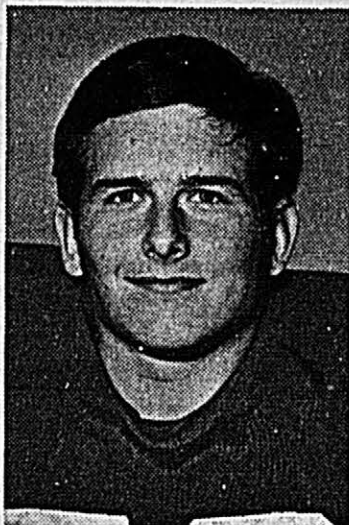
Unfortunately, this task has been made all the more difficult by the occurrence of three crippling losses. First, Jim Colizza, the first string middle-linebacker was levelled in the Toronto debacle and torn knee ligaments have retir-

by josh freed

ed him for the season. As well, Ron Kelly, an ace place-kicker and tight end suffered a broken collar bone and may also be out for the year. Finally, and most 'disappointing' of all, Larry Smith, the team's most outstanding newcomer, has quit the team. This latter has a rather interesting history.

For many years the football-starved fans of Bishop's University comforted their pigskin palates by saying "next year the Messiah will come, and our team will escape this primitive league". But, alas each year was as disappointing as the next as Bishop's continued to flounder in the non-competition of the Loyola-

Macdonald conference. Then, suddenly, the Messiah appeared, he was Larry Smith, a super-star halfback, and although Bishop's never did escape their hapless league, Smith did manage to rewrite the University's record



LARRY SMITH:
'Back to greener pastures'

book, thin as that may be. Accordingly, he reaped the adoration of Bishop's thriving football populace and became, in fact, a legendary folk-hero.

On transferring to McGill, Larry bumped into a football aggregate composed of many good ball-players rather than one or two big stars. As well, he met Tom Mooney, who unlike his predecessor at Bishop's, was unwilling to treat Larry Smith as though he were the principal's only child. Conse-

quently Larry was unable to locate his identity as a long-lost super-hero and began to feel like just another face in the crowd. So when some of his Bishop's Fan Club showed up last Friday night to take him out for a few drinks Larry started thinking.

The day after his rather mediocre Toronto performance, Larry packed his bags and went back to 'Smith country'. Bishop's never had a happier day.

Exeunt Larry Smith accompanied by Colizza and Kelly.

Thus the Redmen find themselves with considerably less depth than they enjoyed at the start of their campaign. Whereas before the Redmen could afford minor injuries and spotty performances, now they cannot. What is required at this point is a demonstration by the team, to themselves, that they can indeed overcome their difficulties and weld into a single unit.

Fortunately, McMaster, usually is a good place to start. Normally the return of 26 of the past year's veterans is looked upon as a powerful attribute. In the case of McMaster this is nothing short of a disaster. Last year's team was the weak link of the OQAA and this year's squad (bearing the same personnel) should follow in the same noble tradition. Still they have a promising new quarterback in Alec Lockington and managed to overwhelm Waterloo 1-0 last week so they might just

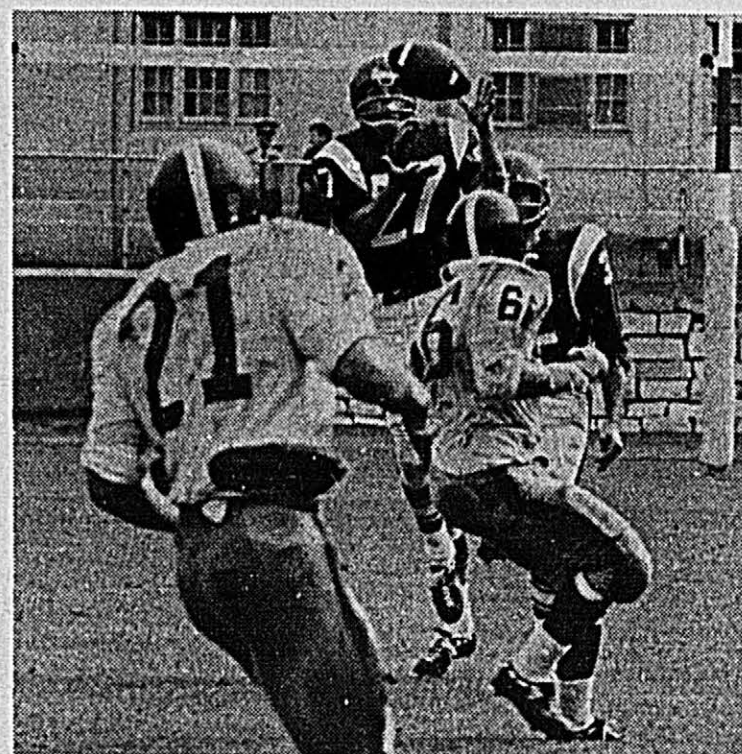


Photo by Dave Sprague

RUMBALL RIP-OFF: In last Saturday's action Chris Rumball caught passes, returned kicks, punted and played defensive linebacker; so it's a little difficult to figure out which he's doing here.

surprise themselves with a good ball game.

Redmen Set

The Redmen will start Norm Woods at linebacker in the place of Jim Colizza while Dave Moore will replace Kelly at end. As well, McGill will return to last year's two-man running attack with Fleiszer and Aikin handling the chores while Bob Bell will become the extra receiver.

Q.B. Dan Smith will take over place kicking duties, while Henry Janssen will take a shot at punting.

If the Redmen need improvement anywhere it is in the sordid running attack they displayed against Toronto. QB Smith, who Mooney rightly credits with 'the best damn arm in Canada' will have to demonstrate more proficiency in executing McGill's bread and butter quarterback option play. As well, Dave Fleiszer, who Mooney says is back at 100%, will have to see the ball considerably more than the 5 times he did last Saturday. Finally, the offensive line, who did a fine job pass-blocking will have to start opening holes for the ground game.

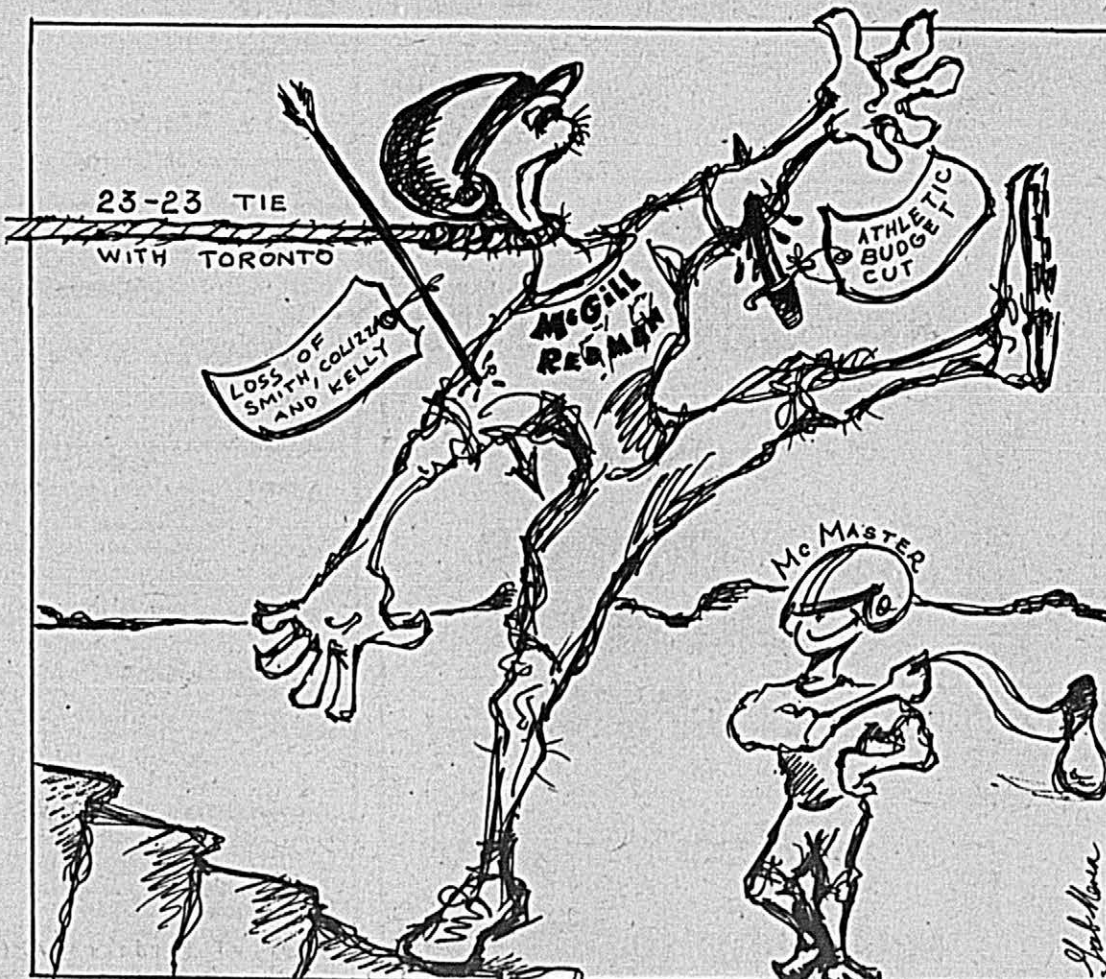
Even McGill's vaunted defense could demonstrate an improvement over what Mooney called their worst performance in the last two years.

If Wednesday's hitting practice is any indication, then McGill is ready to make its move. The grunts and groans at that session were as impressive as they've been all season and they were interspersed beautifully with the sound of freshly crunching bones. Dan Smith looked as though he could hit a moving swallow at 40 paces and even Coach Mooney was optimistic.

"Heck, we may be hurting physically but we're in great shape mentally!" he said. "I think we've got one of the best two teams in the country here."

"You just keep watching us", echoed offensive guard Cliff Moore shortly afterwards.

A good place to start might be the McMaster game this Saturday at 2:00 pm in Molson Stadium. Stanislaus' prediction will be available immediately following the game.



Odds on Goliath?

"REDMEN HOCKEY"

All Interested Candidates

Meeting:
Monday, Oct. 5, 1970

Currie Gym

More Information: Contact:
392-4726